

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER X. MR. TATLOW ON THE TRACK.

"MR. TATLOW?" said Humphrey Statham, as his visitor entered.

"Servant, sir," said Mr. Tatlow, a somewhat ordinary looking man, dressed in black.

"I had no idea this case had been placed in your hands, Mr. Tatlow," said Humphrey. "I have heard of you, though I never met you before in business, and have always understood you to be an experienced officer."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Tatlow, with a short bow. "What may have altered your opinion in that respect now?"

"The length of time which has elapsed since I first mentioned this matter in Scotland-yard. That was three years ago, and from that day to this I have had no communication with the authorities."

"Well, sir, you see," said Mr. Tatlow, "different people have different ways of doing business; and when the inspector put this case into my hands, he said to me, 'Tatlow,' said he, 'this is a case which will most likely take considerable time to unravel, and it's one in which there will be a great many ups and downs, and the scent will grow warm and the scent will grow cold, and you will think you have got the whole explanation of the story at one moment, and the next you'll think you know nothing at all about it. The young woman is gone,' the inspector says, 'and you'll hear of her here, and you'll hear of her there, and you'll be quite sure you've got hold of the right party, and

then you'll find it's nothing of the sort, and be inclined to give up the business in despair; and then suddenly, perhaps, when you're engaged on something else, you'll strike into the right track, and bring it home in the end. Now, it's no good worrying the gentleman,' said the inspector, 'with every little bit of news you hear, or with anything that may happen to strike you in the inquiry, for you'll be raising his spirits at one time, and rendering him more wretched in another, and my advice to you is, not to go near him until you have got something like a clear and complete case to lay before him.' Those were the inspector's words to me, sir—upon which advice I acted."

"Very good counsel, Mr. Tatlow, and very sensible of you to follow it," said Humphrey Statham. "Am I to understand from this visit that your case is now complete?"

"Well, sir, as complete as I can make it at present," said Mr. Tatlow.

"You have found her?" cried Humphrey Statham, eagerly, the blood flushing into his cheeks.

"I know where the young woman is now," said Mr. Tatlow, evasively; "but do not build upon that, sir," he added, as he marked his questioner's look of anxiety. "We were too late, sir—you will never see her again."

"Too late!" echoed Humphrey. "What do you mean? Where is she? I insist upon knowing!"

"In Hendon churchyard, sir," said Mr. Tatlow, quietly; "that's where the young woman is now."

Humphrey Statham bowed his head, and remained silent for some few moments, then, without raising his eyes, he said: "Tell me about it, Mr. Tatlow, please; I

should like to have all details, from first to last."

"Don't you think," said Mr. Tatlow, kindly—"don't you think I might look in some other time, sir?—you don't seem very strong just now; and it's no use a man trying his nerves when there is no occasion for it."

"Thank you," said Humphrey Statham, "I would sooner hear the story now. I have been ill, and am going out of town, and it may be some little time before I return, and I should like, while I am away, to be able to think over what has—to know about—tell me please at once."

"The story is not a long one, sir," said Mr. Tatlow, "and when you see how plain and clear it tells, I dare say you will think the case was not a difficult one, for all it took so long to work out; but you see this is fancy-work, as I may call it, that one has to take up in the intervals of regular business, and to lay aside again, whenever a great robbery or a murder crops up, and just as one is warm and interested in it, one may be sent off to Paris, or New York, and when you come back you have almost to begin again. There was one advantage in this case, that I had it to myself from the start, and hadn't to work up anybody else's line. I began," continued Mr. Tatlow, after a momentary pause, taking a note-book from his pocket and reading from its pages, "at the very beginning, and first saw the draper people at Leeds, where Miss Mitchell was employed; they spoke very highly of her, as a good, industrious girl, and were very sorry when she went away. She gave them a regular month's notice, stating that she had an opportunity of bettering herself by getting an engagement at a first-class house in London. Did the Leeds drapers, Hodder by name, say anything to Miss M.'s friends? No, they did not," continued Mr. Tatlow, answering himself; "most likely they would have mentioned it if the uncle had been alive—a brisk, intelligent man—but he was dead at that time, and no one was left but the bedridden old woman. After her niece's flight she sent down to Hodder and Company, and they told her what Miss M. had told them, though the old woman and her friends plainly did not believe it. It was not until some weeks afterwards that one of Hodder's girls had a letter from a friend of hers, who had previously been with their firm, but was now engaged at Mivenson's, the great drapers in Oxford-street, London, to say that Emily Mitchell

had joined their establishment; she was passing under the name of Moore, but this girl knew her at once, and agreed to keep her confidence. Now to page forty-nine. That's only a private memorandum for my own information," said Mr. Tatlow, turning over the leaves of his book. "Page forty-nine. Here you are! Mivenson's, in Oxford-street—old gentleman out of town—laid up with the gout—saw eldest son, partner in the house—recollected Miss Moore perfectly, and had come to them with some recommendation—never took young persons into their house unless they were properly recommended, and always kept register of reference. Looking into register found Emily M. had been recommended by Mrs. Calverley, one of their customers, most respectable lady, living in Great Walpole-street. Made inquiry myself about Mrs. C., and made her out to be a prim, elderly, evangelical party, wife of City man in large way of business. Emily M. did not remain long at Mivenson's. Not a strong girl; had had a fainting fit or two while in their employ, and one day she wrote to say she was too ill to come to work, and they never saw her again. Could they give him the address from which she wrote? Certainly. Address-book sent for; 143, Great College-street, Camden Town. Go to page sixty. Landlady at Great College-street perfectly recollected Miss Moore. Quiet, delicate girl, regular in her habits; never out later than ten at night; keeping no company, and giving no trouble. Used to be brought home regular every night by a gentleman—always the same gentleman, landlady thought, but couldn't swear, as she had never made him out properly, though she had often tried. Seen from the area, landlady remarked, people looked so different. Gentleman always took leave of Miss Moore at the door, and was never seen again in the neighbourhood until he brought her back the next night. Landlady recollected Miss Moore's going away. When she gave notice about leaving, explained to landlady that she was ill and was ordered change of air; didn't seem to be any worse than she had been all along; but, of course, it was not her (the landlady's) place to make any objection. At the end of the week a cab was sent for, Miss Moore's boxes were put into it, and she drove away. Did the landlady hear the address given to the cabman? She did. 'Waterloo Station, Richmond line!' That answer seemed to me to screw up the whole proceedings;

trying to find the clue to a person, who, months before, had gone away from the Waterloo Station, seemed as likely as feeling for a threepenny-piece in a corn-sack. I made one or two inquiries but heard nothing, and had given the whole thing up for as good as lost when—let me see, page two hundred and one.

"Here you are! Memoranda in the case of Benjamin Biggs, cashier in the Limpid Water Company, charged with embezzlement. Fine game he kept up, did Mr. Biggs! Salary about two hundred a year, and lived at the rate of ten thousand. Beautiful place out of town, just opposite Bobbington Lock, horses, carriages, and what you please. I was engaged in Biggs's matter, and I had been up to Bobbington one afternoon—for there was a notion just then that Biggs hadn't got clear off and might come home again—so I thought I'd take a lodging and hang about the village for a week or two. It was pleasant summer weather, and I've a liking for the river and for such a place as Bushey Park, though not with many opportunities of seeing much of either. I had been through Biggs's house, and was standing in Messenger's boat-yard, looking at the parties putting off on to the water, when a voice, close to my ear, says, 'Hallo, Tatlow! What's up?' and looking round I saw Mr. Nether-ton Whiffle, the leading junior at the Bailey, and the most rising man at the C. C. C. I scarcely knew him at first, for he had got on a round straw hat instead of his wig, and a tight-fitting jersey instead of his gown, and when I recognised him and told him what business I had come down upon, he only laughed, and said that Biggs knew more than me and all Scotland-yard put together; and the best thing that I could do was to go into the Anglers and put my name to what I liked at his expense. He's a very pleasant fellow, Mr. Whiffle, and while I was drinking something iced I told him about my wanting a lodging, and he recommended me to a very respectable little cottage kept by the mother of his gardener. A pretty place it was too, not looking on the river, but standing in a nice neatly-kept garden, with the big trees of Bushey Park at the back of you, and the birds singing beautiful! I fancy when I am superannuated I should like a place of that sort for myself and Mrs. T. Nice rooms too, the lodgings, a bedroom and sitting-room, but a cut above my means. I was saying so to the old woman—motherly old creature she was—

as we were looking round the bedroom, when I caught sight of something which fixed my attention at once. It was an old black box, like a child's school-trunk, with, on the outside lid, 'E. M.' in brass letters, and a railway label of the G. N. R., 'Leeds to London,' still sticking on it. Something told me I had 'struck ile,' as the Yankees say, and I asked the old woman to whom that box belonged. 'To her,' she said, 'she supposed, leastways it had been there for many months, left behind by a lodger who had gone away and never sent for it.' It took a little hot rum-and-water to get the lodger's story out of that old lady, sir; not a refreshing drink on a summer's day, but required to be gone through in the course of duty, and it was worth it, as you will see.

"In the previous summer the rooms had been taken by a gentleman who gave the name of Smith, and who, the next day, brought down the young lady and her boxes. She was pretty, but very delicate-looking, and seemed to have very bad health. He came down three or four times a week, and then she brightened up a bit and seemed a little more cheerful; but when she was alone she was dreadfully down, and the landlady had seen her crying by the hour together. They lived very quietly; no going out, no water-parties, no people to see them, bills of lodging paid for every week; quite the regular thing. This went on for two or three months; then the gentleman's visits grew less frequent, he only came down once or twice a week, and, on more than one occasion, the old woman sitting in the kitchen thought she heard high words between them. One Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Smith had gone away, about an hour after his departure, the lady packed all her things, paid up the few shillings which remained after his settlement, and ordered a fly to take her to the station. There was no room on the fly for the little box which I had seen, and she said she would send an address to which it could be forwarded. On the Monday evening Mr. Smith came down as usual; he was very much astonished to find the lady gone, but, after reading a letter which she had left for him, he seemed very much agitated, and sent out for some brandy; then he paid the week's rent, which was demanded instead of the notice, and left the place. The box had never been sent for, nor had the old woman ever heard anything further of the lady or the gentleman.

"The story hangs together pretty well,

don't it, sir? E. M., and the railway ticket on the box (I forgot to say I looked inside, and saw the maker's name, 'Hudspeth, of Boar-lane, Leeds'), looked pretty much like Emily Mitchell, and the old woman's description of Mr. Smith tallied tolerably with that given by the lodging-house keeper in Camden Town, who used to notice the gentleman from the area. But there we were shut up tight again! The flyman recollected taking the lady to the station, but no one saw her take her ticket, and there was I at a standstill.

"It is not above a fortnight ago, sir," said Mr. Tatlow, in continuation, "that I struck on the scent again, not that I had forgotten it, or hadn't taken the trouble to pull at anything which I thought might be one of its threads when it came in my way. A twelvemonth ago I was down at Leeds, after a light-hearted chap who had forgotten his own name, and written his master's across the back of a three-and-sixpenny bill-stamp, and I thought I'd take the opportunity of looking in at Hodder's, the draper's, and ask whether anything had been heard of Miss M. The firm hadn't heard of her, and was rather grumpy about being asked, but I saw the girl from whom I had got some information before—she, you recollect, sir, who had a friend at Mivenson's, in Oxford-street, and told me about E. M. being there—and I asked her and her young man to tea, and set the pumps agoing. But she was very bashful and shamefaced, and would not say a word, though evidently she knew something; and it was only when she had gone up to put her bonnet on that I got out of the young man that Emily Mitchell had been down there, and had been seen in the dusk of the evening going up to the old cottage at Headingley, and carrying a baby in her arms."

"A baby!" cried Humphrey Statham.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Tatlow, "a female child of a few weeks old. She was going up to her aunt, no doubt, but the old woman was dead. When they heard at Hodder's that Emily was about the place, and with a child too, the firm was furious, and gave orders that none of their people should speak to or have any communication with her; but this girl—Mary Keith, she's called, I made a note of her name, sir, thinking you would like to know it—she found out where the poor creature was, and offered to share her wages with her and the child to save them from starvation."

"Good God!" groaned Humphrey Statham. "Was she in want, then?"

"Pretty nearly destitute, sir," said Tatlow; "would have starved probably, if it had not been for Mary Keith. She owned up to that girl, sir, all her story, told her everything, except the name of the child's father, and that she could not get out of her anyhow. She spoke about you too, and said you were the only person in the world who had really loved her, and that she had treated you shamefully. Miss Keith wanted her to write to the child's father, and tell him how badly off she was; but she said she would sooner die in the streets than ask him for money. What she would do, she said, would be to go to you—she wanted to see you once more before she died—and to ask you to be a friend to her child! She knew you would do it, she said, though she had behaved to you so badly, for the sake of the old days."

"I shan't have to try you with very much more, sir," said Tatlow, kindly, as he heard a deep groan break from Humphrey Statham's lips, and saw his head sink deeper on his breast. "Miss Keith advised E. M. to write to you; but she said no—she wanted to look upon your face again before she died, she said, and she knew that event was not far off. So she parted with her old friend, taking a little money, just enough to pay her fare up to town. She must have changed her mind about that, from what I learned afterwards. I made inquiries here and there for her in London in what I thought likely places, but I could hear nothing of her, and so the scent grew cold, and still my case was incomplete. I settled it up at last, as I say, about a fortnight ago. I had occasion to make some inquiries at Hendon workhouse about a young man who was out on the tramp, and who, as I learned, had slept there for a night or two in the previous week; and I was talking matters over with the master, an affable kind of man, with more common sense than one usually finds in officials of his sort, who are for the most part pig-headed and bad tempered. The chap that I was after had been shopman to a grocer in the City, and had run away with his master's daughter, having all the time another wife, and this I suppose led the conversation to such matters, and I, always with your case floating in my head, asked him whether there were many instances of fondlings, and such like, being left upon their hands? He said no, that they had been very lucky—

only had one since he had been master there, and that one they had been lucky enough to get rid of. How was that, I asked him, what was the case? Case of a party"—and here Mr. Tatlow referred to his note-book again—"found the winter before last by Squire Mullins's hind, lying against a haystack, in the four-acre meadow, pressing her baby to her breast—both of them half frozen. She was taken to the workhouse, but only lived two days, and never spoke during that time. Her shoes were worn very thin, and she had parted with most of her clothing, though what she kept had been good, and still was decent. No wedding-ring, of course. One thing she hadn't parted with—the master's wife saw the old woman try to crib it from the dead body round whose neck it hung, and took it from her hand. It was a tiny gold cross—yes, sir, I see, you know it all now—inscribed, 'H. to E., 30th of March, 1864'—the very trinket which you had described to our people, and when I heard that, I knew I had tracked Emily Mitchell home at last."

Mr. Tatlow ceased speaking, but it was some minutes before Humphrey Statham raised his head. When at length he looked up there were traces of tears on his cheeks, and his voice was broken with emotion as he said, "The child—what about it—did it live?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tatlow, "the child lived, and fell very comfortably upon its legs. It was a bright, pretty little creature, and one day it attracted the notice of a lady who had no children of her own, and, after some inquiries, persuaded her husband to adopt it."

"What is her name, and where does she live?" asked Mr. Statham.

"She lives at Hendon, sir, and her name is Claxton. Mr. Claxton is, oddly enough, a sleeping partner in the house of Mr. Calverley, whose good lady first recommended E. M. to Mivenson's, as you may recollect."

There was silence for full ten minutes—a period which Mr. Tatlow occupied in deep consultation with his note-book, in looking out of the window, at the tips of his boots, at the wall in front of him; anywhere rather than at the bowed head of Humphrey Statham, who remained motionless, with his chin buried in his chest. Mr. Tatlow had seen a good deal of suffering in his time, and as he noticed, without apparently looking at the tremulous emotion of Mr. Statham's hands,

tremulous despite their closely interlaced fingers, and the shudder which from time to time ran through his massive frame, he knew what silent anguish was being bravely undergone, and would on no account have allowed the sufferer to imagine that his mental tortures were either seen or understood. When Humphrey Statham at length raised his head, he found his visitor intently watching the feeble gyrations of a belated fly, and apparently perfectly astonished at hearing his name mentioned.

"Mr. Tatlow," said Humphrey, in a voice which, despite his exertions to raise it, sounded low and muffled, "I am very much your debtor; what I said at the commencement of our interview about the delay which, as I imagined, had occurred in clearing up this mystery, was spoken in ignorance, and without any knowledge of the real facts. I now see the difficulties attendant upon the inquiry, and I am only astonished that they should have been so successfully surmounted, and that you should have been enabled to clear up the case as perfectly as you have done. That the result of your inquiries has been to arouse in me the most painful memories, and to—and to reduce me in fact to the state in which you see me—is no fault of yours. You have discharged your duty with great ability and wondrous perseverance, and I have to thank you more than all for the delicacy which you have shown during the inquiry, and during the narration to me of its results."

Mr. Tatlow bowed, but said nothing.

"For the ordinary charges of the investigation," continued Humphrey Statham, "your travelling expenses and such like, I settle, I believe, with the people at Scotland-yard; but," he added, as he took his cheque-book from the right-hand drawer of his desk, "I wish you to accept for yourself this cheque for fifty pounds, together with my hearty thanks."

He filled up the cheque, tore it from the book, and pushed it over to the detective as he spoke, at the same time holding out his hand.

Mr. Tatlow rose to his feet, looking somewhat embarrassed. It had often been his good fortune to be well paid for his services, but to be shaken hands with by a man in the position of Mr. Statham, had not previously come in his way. He was confused for an instant, but compromised the matter by gravely saluting after the military fashion with his left hand, while he gave his right to his employer.

"Proud, sir, and grateful," he said. "It has been a long case, though not a particularly stiff one, and I think it has been worked clean out to the end. I could have wished—but, however, that is neither here nor there," said Mr. Tatlow, checking himself with a cough. "About the child, sir; don't you wish any further particulars about the child?"

"No," said Humphrey Statham, who was fast relapsing into his moody state; "no, nothing now, at all events. If I want any further information I shall send to you, Tatlow, direct; you may depend upon that. Now, once more, thanks, and good-bye."

Half an hour had elapsed since Mr. Tatlow had taken his departure, and still Humphrey Statham sat at his desk buried in profound reverie, his chin resting on his breast, his arms plunged almost elbow-deep into his pockets. At length he roused himself, locked away the cheque-book which lay fluttering open before him, and passing his hands dreamily through the fringe of hair on his temples, muttered to himself:

"And so there is an end of it! To die numbed and frozen in a workhouse bed! To bear a child to a man for whom she ruined my life, and who in his turn ruined hers—my Emily perishing with cold and want! I shall meet him yet, I know I shall! Long before I heard of this story, when I looked upon him only as a successful rival, who was living with her in comfort and luxury, and laughing over my disappointment, even then I felt convinced that the hour would come when I should hold him by the throat and make him beg his miserable life at my hands! Now, when I know that his treatment of her has been worse even than his treatment of me, he will need to beg hard indeed for mercy if I once come across his path! Calverley, eh?" he continued, after a moment's pause, and in a softer voice, "the husband of the lady who has adopted the child is a partner in Calverley's house, Tatlow said. That is the house for which Tom Durham has gone out as agent. How strangely things come about? For surely Mrs. Calverley, doubtless the wife of the senior partner of the firm, is the mother of my old friend Martin Gurwood? What two totally different men! Without doubt unacquainted with each other, and yet with this curious link of association in my mind. Her child! Emily's child within a couple of hours' ride! I could easily find some

excuse to introduce myself to this Mrs. Claxton, and to get a glimpse of the girl—she is Emily's flesh and blood, and most probably would be like her! I have half a mind to— No, I am not well enough for any extra excitement or exertion, and the child, Tatlow says, is happy and well cared for; I can see her on my return—I can then manage the introduction in a more proper and formal manner; I can hunt up Martin Gurwood, and through him and his mother I can obtain an introduction to this partner in Calverley's house, and must trust to my own powers of making myself agreeable to continue the acquaintance on a footing of intimacy, which will give me constant opportunities of seeing Emily's child. Now, there is more than ever necessity to get out of this at once! All clear now, except these two packets; one, Tom Durham's memorandum, which must be kept anyhow, so in it goes into the safe. The other, the instructions for Tatlow—that can be destroyed—no, there is no harm in keeping that for a little, one never knows how things may turn out—in it goes too." And as he spoke he placed the two packets in the drawer, closed and locked the safe. "Collins!" he called, and the confidential clerk appeared. "You have all that you want—the cheques, the duplicate key of the safe, the pass-book?"

"Yes, sir," said Collins; "everything except your address."

"By Jove!" said Humphrey Statham, "I had forgotten that; even now I am undecided. Tossing shall do it. Heads the Drumnovara snipe-bog, tails the Tresco pilot-boat. Tails it is! the pilot-boat has won. So, Collins, my address—never to be used except in most urgent necessity—is, 'P.O., Tresco, Scilly,' left till called for. Now you have my traps in the outer office; tell them to put them on a hansom cab, and you will see no more of me for six weeks."

As the four-fifty "galloper" for Exeter glided out of the Paddington Station, Humphrey Statham was seated in it, leisurely cutting the leaves of the evening paper which he had just purchased. The first paragraph which met his eye ran as follows:

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)

Gibraltar.

The captain of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship *Massilia*, just arrived here, announces the supposed death, by drowning, of a passenger named Durham,

agent to Messrs. Calverley and Company, of Mincing-lane, who was proceeding to Ceylon. The unfortunate gentleman retired to rest on the first night of the vessel's sailing from Southampton, and as he was never seen afterwards, it is supposed that he must have fallen overboard during the night, when the *Massilia* was at anchor off Hurst Castle.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

A SLAYER OF INDIANS.

DANIEL BOONE, one of the bravest and most sagacious of those intrepid pioneers who first widened the dominions of America, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in 1753. His father, who came from Bradninch, near Exeter, in 1717, with his wife and nine children, purchased land in various parts of Maryland and Virginia.

When Daniel was a mere boy his father removed to a part of Pennsylvania, not far from Reading, at that time a frontier settlement, swarming with deer and Indians. Here, amid the rough log-cabins in the clearings, surrounded by blackened pine-stumps and small plots of corn, Daniel grew up, keen of eye, swift of foot, strong of hand, and rapidly became a mighty hunter. Constant danger soon made the young rifleman patient, persevering, and sagacious. His mind became vigorous, his apprehension quick: and in self-possession, self-control, and promptitude he was equalled by none of his companions. When Daniel was about eighteen years old, his father removed the family to North Carolina, and settled near the waters of the Yadkin, a mountain stream in the north-western part of that state. Here young Daniel formed an acquaintance with Rebecca Byran, whom he married.

For several years after his marriage Boone lived quietly as a farmer in North Carolina, hunting only when there was no field-work to do. In the mean time, settlers began to spread along the banks of the Yadkin and the tributary streams, and the woodman's axe soon resounded along the valleys of the Holston and Clinch rivers. The Cherokee Indians being pacified by degrees, several companies of hunters from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina, hearing of the abundance of game along the head waters of the Tennessee river, pushed on across the wilderness. At the head of one of these enterprises was Daniel Boone, who explored the valleys at the head

waters of the Holston, in the south-west part of Virginia. The young pioneer was soon employed by land speculators to report on the country along the Cumberland river, within the present boundaries of Kentucky, which was to prove the scene of his chief exploits. Boone, although relentless against an enemy, was by nature gentle, humane, charitable, generous, frugal, and ascetic. He had grown disgusted with the Scotch adventurers who filled North Carolina, and with the English officials who oppressed the people with taxes, and eventually drove them to insurrection. His mind, naturally daring and ambitious, was fired by the narratives of a hunter named Finley, who had traded with the Indians along the Kentucky river, and had brought home stories of the rich cane-brakes there that swarmed with all kinds of game. In 1769, Boone joined Finley and four others in an exploring expedition to the new paradise. He tells the story in his autobiography, which Filson, the narrator, has, however, done the best to spoil by the addition of his own bombast:

"It was on the 1st of May, 1769," he says, "that I resigned my domestic happiness, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin river, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stuart, Joseph Holden, James Money, and William Cool.

"On the 7th of June, after travelling in a westerly direction, we found ourselves on Red River, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians, and from the top of an eminence we saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky. For some time we had experienced the most uncomfortable weather. We now encamped, made a shelter to defend us from the inclement season, and began to hunt and reconnoitre the country. We found abundance of wild beasts in this vast forest. The buffaloes were more numerous than cattle in our settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on those extensive plains. We saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. In this forest, the habitation of beasts of every American kind, we hunted with great success until December.

"On the 22nd of December, John Stuart and I had a pleasing ramble, but fortune changed the day at the close of it. We passed through a great forest, in which

stood a myriad of trees, some gay with blossoms, others rich with fruits; and numberless animals presented themselves perpetually to our view. At sun-down, near Kentucky river, as we ascended the brow of a small hill, a number of Indians rushed out of a cane-brake and made us prisoners. They plundered us, and kept us in confinement seven days. During this time we discovered no uneasiness or desire to escape, which made them less suspicious; but in the dead of night, as we lay by a large fire in a cane-brake, when sleep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me to rest, I gently awoke my companion. We seized this favourable opportunity and departed, directing our course towards our old camp, but found it plundered, and our company dispersed. About this time, as my brother and another adventurer who came to explore the country shortly after us were wandering through the forest, they accidentally found our camp. Notwithstanding our unfortunate circumstances and our dangerous situation, surrounded by hostile savages, our fortunate meeting in the wilderness gave us the most sensible satisfaction.

"Soon after this, my companion in captivity, John Stuart, was killed by the savages, and the man who came with my brother was soon after attacked and eaten by the wolves. We were now in a dangerous and helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and death, among savages and wild beasts, and not a white man in the country but ourselves.

"Although many miles from our own families, in the howling wilderness, we did not continue in a state of indolence, but hunted every day, and prepared a little cottage to defend us from the winter. On the 1st of May, 1770, my brother returned home for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me alone, without bread, salt, sugar, or even a horse or a dog. I passed a few days uncomfortably, and the idea of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety on my account, would have disposed me to melancholy if I had further indulged the thought."

At this time buffaloes were very numerous along the Red River, and hundreds could be seen together in the cane-brakes and glades, or gathered round the salt-licks. Boone hunted till December and never saw a single Indian, though the Shawanoes, Chickasaws, and Cherokees had all claims to portions of the territory. Two years after this Boone sold his farm

on the Yadkin, and removed his family to the hunting-grounds of Kentucky. One of his despatches about this time will serve to show the curt Spartan style of writing which was peculiar to the man.

April 1st, 1775.

DEAR COLONEL,—After my compliments to you, I shall acquaint you with our misfortune. On March the 28th, a party of Indians fired on my company, about half an hour before day, and killed Mr. Twitty and his negro, and wounded Mr. Walker very deeply; but I hope he will recover.

On March the 28th, as we were hunting for provisions, we found Samuel Tate's son, who gave us an account that the Indians fired on their camp on the 27th day. My brother and I went down and found two men killed and scalped, Thomas M'Dowell and Jeremiah M'Peters. I have sent a man down to all the lower companies in order to get them all to the mouth of Otter Creek. My advice to you, sir, is to come or send as soon as possible. Your company is desired greatly, for the people are very uneasy, but are willing to stay and venture their lives with you; and now is the time to flusterate their (the Indians') intentions and keep the country whilst we are in it. If we give way to them now, it will ever be the case. This day we start from the battle-ground for the mouth of Otter Creek, where we shall immediately erect a fort, which will be done before you can come or send; then, we can send ten men to meet you, if you send for them.

I am, sir, your most obedient,

DANIEL BOONE.

N.B.—We stood on the ground and guarded our baggage till day, and lost nothing. We have about fifteen miles to Cantuck, at Otter Creek.

In 1775, Boone erected a stockade fort on the bank of the Kentucky river, two hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and seventy-five feet broad. The redskins soon became troublesome. On the 14th of July, 1776, three of Boone's young daughters, crossing the river near the fort in a canoe, were seized by five Indians, and carried away. Colonel Floyd, one of the party who recaptured them, has left an account of what happened. He says:

"Next morning by daybreak we were on the track, but found the Indians had totally prevented our following them, by walking some distance apart through the thickest canes they could find. We ob-

served their course, and travelled upwards of thirty miles. We then imagined that they would be less cautious in travelling, and made a turn in order to cross their trace, and had gone but a few miles before we found their tracks in a buffalo path; pursued and overtook them on going about ten miles, just as they were kindling a fire to cook. Our study had been more to get the prisoners, without giving the Indians time to murder them after they discovered us, than to kill them. We discovered each other nearly at the same time. Four of us fired, and all rushed on them, which prevented them from carrying away anything except one shot-gun, without ammunition. Mr. Boone and myself had a pretty fair shot, just as they began to move off. I am well convinced I shot one through, and the one Boone shot dropped his gun—mine had none. The place was very thick with canes; that, and being so very much elated on recovering the three little broken-hearted girls, prevented our making further search. We sent the Indians off without their moccasins, and not one of them with so much as a knife or a tomahawk."

The fort being now in much danger from Indians, and salt running short, Captain Boone and thirty men undertook to make an armed foray, and bring a supply from the Lower Blue Licks, but when the pack-horses, with salt, had just been despatched to the fort, a party of a hundred and two Indians fell on Boone, and made him their prisoner. Although the British governor of Detroit offered one hundred pounds for his ransom, the Indians determined that Boone should become a member of their tribe, and Blackfish, a great chief among the Shawanoes, adopted him as his son.

The forms of the ceremony of adoption are often severe and ludicrous. The hair of the head is plucked out by a tedious and painful operation, leaving a tuft, some three or four inches in diameter, on the crown, for the scalp-lock, which is cut and dressed up with ribbons and feathers. The candidate is then taken into the river, and there thoroughly washed and rubbed, "to take all his white blood out." The captive is next taken to the council-house, where the chief makes a speech, in which he expatiates upon the distinguished honour conferred on him, and the line of conduct expected of him. His head and face are painted in the most fashionable style, and the ceremony is concluded with a grand feast and smoking.

Boone bided his time. His rifle-balls being always counted by the Indians, he contrived to split several bullets, and so laid up a store for future use. Finding at Chillicothe four hundred and fifty warriors in their war-paint, prepared to march against the fort, he at once resolved on escape. Secreting some jerked venison, he struck out one morning for his home, and reached it in less than five days, only eating one regular meal during the forced march of one hundred and sixty miles. A few days after, four hundred and forty-four Indians arrived at the fort, with British and French colours flying. Boone's force was only between sixty and seventy men. The cows and horses had already been driven inside the walls, and water had been collected in every available vessel.

Duquesne, the commander of the Indians, proposed a parley. Though suspecting treachery, it was determined, after consultation, to accede to the proposition of Duquesne, and hold a treaty. Nine persons were selected for the hazardous and responsible duty—four of them being Flanders Callaway, Stephen Hancock, William Hancock, and Squire Boone. The parties met on the plot of ground in front of the fort, and at the distance from it of about sixty yards. The terms offered were exceedingly liberal; too liberal, as Boone and his associates saw, to come from honest intentions. The propositions were, that they should remain unmolested, and retain all their property, only submitting to the British authorities in Canada, and taking the oath of allegiance to the king. At the conclusion, the Indians proposed, that, on so great an occasion, "to make the chain of peace more strong and bright," they should revive an ancient custom, and that two Indians should shake hands each with a white man, and that this should be the token of sincere friendship. Captain Boone and his associates were from the first prepared for treachery. Before they left the fort, twenty men were stationed with loaded rifles, so as to command a full view of all the proceedings, and ready for the slightest alarm. The parties on the treaty ground had no weapons, and were divested of all outside garments. As they had agreed to hold the treaty, it would have been regarded as a breach of confidence, and a direct insult, to refuse the proffered ceremony at the close. When the Indians approached, each pair grasped the hand and arm of their white antagonist. A scuffle ensued, for the Indians at once attempted

to drag them off as prisoners. The Kentuckians, however, either knocked down, tripped, or pushed off their antagonists, and fled into the fort. The fire from the vigilant guard at the same time threw the enemy into confusion. The Indians then rushed from their camp, and made a vigorous attack on the fort. Squire Boone was wounded, but not severely. The siege lasted from the 7th to the 20th of December. The Indians then retreated, having lost thirty-seven killed, while the Kentuckians had only two killed, and four wounded. According to the statement of Captain Boone, a hundred and twenty-five pounds of musket-balls were picked up round the fort, besides those that penetrated and were made fast in the logs.

During the siege, Jemima, the eldest daughter of Boone, afterwards Mrs. Callaway, received a contusion in her hip, from a spent ball, while she was supplying her father with ammunition. While the parley was in progress, an unprincipled negro man deserted, and went over to the Indians, carrying with him a large, far-shooting rifle. He crossed the river, ascended a tree on its bank, and so placed himself that he could raise his head, look through a fork of the tree, and fire into the fort. One man had been killed, and another wounded, from that direction, when Captain Boone discovered the negro, by his head peering above the fork. The old hunter fired, and the negro was seen to fall. After the Indians had retreated, his body was found; his forehead was pierced with the ball, fired at the distance of a hundred and seventy yards. The Indians, who burned or carried off their own dead, would not touch his body. In a subsequent fight with Indians the Kentucky militia were defeated, and Boone had the agony of having his son killed by his side.

After the defeat, when General Clarke, with whom Boone served, was burning some Indian towns, a small party of southern Indians attacked a settlement called Crab Orchard. A party of savages approached a single cabin, in which were a woman, her children, and a negro, from whom they expected no resistance. One of the number entered in advance of the rest, thinking, doubtless, to secure the whole as prisoners, or, at least, to obtain their scalps. He seized the negro man, expecting no resistance from the others. In the scuffle both fell, when the children shut and bolted the door, and with an axe the mother cut off the Indian's head. The rest of the Indians hearing the scuffle rushed at the door, which

they found barricaded against them, and assailed it with their tomahawks. But the mother seized an old rusty gun, without a lock, which lay in a corner, and put it through a crevice in the logs, which so alarmed them that they left the place.

In 1783, Kentucky became more settled, and the town of Danville was founded. At a short distance from his cabin Boone had raised a small patch of tobacco for the use of his neighbours, for he himself never smoked. As a shelter for curing it, he had built an inclosure of rails, a dozen feet in height, and covered with cane and grass. Stalks of tobacco are usually split and strung on sticks about four feet in length. The ends of these are laid on poles, placed across the tobacco-house, and in tiers, one above the other, to the roof. Boone had fixed his temporary shelter in such a manner as to have three tiers. He had covered the lower tier, and the tobacco had become dry, when he entered the shelter for the purpose of removing the sticks to the upper tier, preparatory to getting in the remainder of the crop. He had hoisted up the sticks from the lower to the second tier, and was standing on the poles that supported it, while raising the sticks to the upper tier, when four stout Indians, with guns, entered the low door and called him by name. "Now, Boone, we got you. You no get away more. We carry you off to Chillicothe this time. You no cheat us any more." Boone looked down upon their upturned faces, saw their loaded guns pointed at his breast, and recognising some of his old friends, the Shawanoes, who had formerly made him prisoner near the Blue Licks, coolly and pleasantly responded, "Ah, old friends, glad to see you!" Perceiving that they manifested impatience to have him come down, he told them that he was quite willing to go with them, and only begged they would wait where they were, and watch him closely, until he could finish removing his tobacco. While parleying with them, inquiring after old acquaintances, and proposing to give them his tobacco when cured, he diverted their attention from his purpose, until he had collected together a number of sticks of dry tobacco, and so turned them as to fall between the poles directly in their faces. At the same instant he jumped upon them with as much of the dry tobacco as he could gather in his arms, filling their mouths and eyes with its pungent dust, and blinding and disabling them from following him, rushed out and hastened to his cabin, where he had the means of de-

fence. Notwithstanding the narrow escape, he could not resist the temptation, after retreating some fifteen or twenty yards, to look round and see the success of his achievement. The Indians, blinded and nearly suffocated, were stretching out their hands and feeling about in different directions, calling him by name, cursing him for a rogue and themselves for fools. The old hunter, when telling the story, used to imitate their gestures and tones of voice with great glee.

Boone next removed to the Kenhawa, in Virginia, and from there, seeking more elbow-room, he pushed on to the Femme Osage settlement, in the district of St. Charles, about forty-five miles west of St. Louis. There he received a grant of ten thousand arpents of choice land on the north side of the Missouri, and became commandant of a district. Even in old age he continued his hunting expeditions in search of deer and beaver, and ventured with only a negro boy in the wildest parts of the Osage territory. On one occasion, soon after preparing his camp and laying in his supplies for the winter, he was taken sick and lay a long time in camp. The horses were hobbled out on the range. After a period of stormy weather, there came a pleasant and delightful day, and Boone felt able to walk out. With his staff, for he was quite feeble, he took the boy to the summit of a small eminence, and marked out the ground in shape of a grave. He instructed the boy, in case of his decease, to wash and lay his body straight, wrapped up in one of the cleanest blankets. He was then to construct a kind of shovel, and with that instrument and the hatchet to dig a grave exactly as he had marked it out. He was then to drag the body to the place, and put it in the grave, which he was directed to cover up, placing posts at the head and foot. Poles were to be placed around and over the surface; the trees to be marked, so that the place could be easily found by his friends; the horses were to be caught, the blankets and skins gathered up, and he gave some special instructions about his old rifle, and various messages to the family. All these directions were given, as the boy afterwards declared, with entire calmness. But the old man soon recovered, broke up his camp, and returned homeward without the usual spoils of a winter's hunt.

At the age of fourscore, and without a rood of land, the old hunter petitioned Congress for a confirmation of the Spanish

grants. The lonely fort he had once built was now surrounded by four hundred thousand souls, yet he had to crave a little earth for charity. In March, 1813, Boone lost his wife at the age of seventy-six, and in 1820 the old pioneer expired in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

For years before exaggerated stories about Boone had been circulated by the American press, one especially, the wildest of the set, had gained wide credence. A traveller from Chillicothe, Ohio, visited the Missouri territory, in the summer of 1818. On his return, an editor of a weekly paper in that town questioned this gentleman for news from Missouri, this territory being then a frontier in the Far West. In a waggish humour, the traveller replied, "I do not recollect anything new or strange, except one event that occurred while I was in the territory. The celebrated hunter, Daniel Boone, died in a very singular manner while I was there." The story, given by the narrator was, that the old pioneer had encamped at a salt lick, watching the deer, as customary; the next morning he was found dead, lying on his breast, with his rifle to his shoulder, and the eyeball glazed in death, as though he was taking sight, or, as a hunter would say, "drawing a bead" upon a deer. The Missouri Gazette noticed the fiction and contradicted the story; but truth always lags behind falsehood. A few weeks after this story had obtained currency, a friend told the old pioneer the tale which the newspapers had made about him. With his customary pleasant smile, Boone said, "I would not believe that tale if I told it myself. I have not watched a deer's lick for ten years. My eyesight is too far gone to hunt."

The Reverend John M. Peak, who has written an excellent biography of Daniel Boone, has described a visit he paid to the old Leatherstocking. In boyhood he had read of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, the celebrated hunter and Indian-fighter; and imagination had portrayed a rough, fierce-looking, uncouth specimen of humanity. But in every respect the reverse appeared. Boone's high, bold forehead was slightly bald, and his silvered locks were combed smooth; his countenance was ruddy and fair, and exhibited the simplicity of a child. His voice was soft and melodious, and a smile frequently played over his features in conversation. His clothing was the coarse, plain manufacture of the family; but everything

about him denoted that kind of comfort which was congenial to his habits and feelings, and evinced a happy old age. His room was part of a range of log-cabins, kept in order by his affectionate daughter and grand-daughters.

The Reverend James C. Welch has sketched Boone at the age of eighty-three. "I gazed," he says, "at the old colonel with no ordinary interest, having heard my parents in Kentucky speak of him with admiration from the time of my earliest recollection. He was rather low of stature, broad shoulders, high cheek-bones, very mild countenance, fair complexion, soft and quiet in his habits and manners, having but little to say unless spoken to, amiable and kind in his feelings, very fond of retirement, of great self-possession, and indomitable perseverance. He never made a profession of religion, and yet he was what would be called by the world a very moral man. He listened to the preaching with apparent interest. I asked the old colonel about the tales I had heard of his digging a large hole in the hill-side, near the Kentucky river, as a habitation for himself and family, and calling it Boonesburrow. "Oh! sir," said the colonel, "I dug no hole in any hill; I built my cabin and stockaded it around as a defence from the Indians, as all new-comers were in the habit of doing. That was all I did."

To the end of his life Boone lived in a log cabin, and his trusty rifle was the most valuable chattel he left behind him. His last words were prophetic of the destiny of the great nation to which he belonged:

"Too crowded, too crowded; more elbow-room."

In the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, over the door of the chamber of the House of Representatives, there is a relief representing Boone in deadly grapple with an Indian, while another lies trampled under his feet. The redskin is raising his tomahawk, but Boone's heavy hunting-knife is already at his heart. This is founded on a fictitious adventure, but it serves at least to preserve the memory of a brave man.

MIDSUMMER EVE.

A SUNSET glory lines the west
With streaks of crimson. In the pine,
The ring-dove murmurs on her nest;
And myriad golden starlets shine.

Upon the fair, calm hour of night,
As she her sable veil lets fall,
The swallows from the dizzy height
Of ivied steeple twittering call.

As twilight fades, and darkness grows,
Upon the landscape, and the leaves
Of dew-filled flowers, slowly close,
And martins gather 'neath the eaves.

And on the breast of silver stream,
The lilies quiver, whilst the sigh
Of rustling night-breeze, like a dream,
Stirs their white blooms, and passes by.

The sleeping swans, with ruffled wings
And head reposing, slow drift on;
The nightingale melodious sings
The blossom-laden bough upon.

The plashing of the mill-wheel falls
Like music on the farm-boy's ear:
As homeward trudging, blithe he calls,
And whistles when his cot is near.

The lights go out, in cottage homes,
The labours of the daytime cease;
Abroad, the king of slumber roams,
And in his train are—Rest and Peace!

PIC-NICS AND CLAM-BAKES.

THE pic-nic flourishes in England; the home of the clam-bake is in America. The two institutions, as the Americans would call them, are identical in their nature and purposes, though so dissimilar in name, and neither of them is likely to fall into disuse so long as there are young people in the world, or old people who prize a day's leisure and enjoyment in the fresh air of the country. Modern civilisation has so irresistible a tendency to encourage the growth of great cities, that such crowded hives of hard-working people as Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Newcastle, Glasgow, Paisley, and Dundee, in the Old World, and New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Boston, Chicago, and others in the New, would be little better than suffocating prisons if the toiling people could not now and then make their escape, to feel their feet on the grass, see the blue sky above their heads, and breathe the fragrant air blowing freshly around them, scented with the odour of the new-mown hay. But more than all these crowded marts of commerce and manufacture, that mighty congerie of towns, boroughs, and cities, which is called London, needs, and must have, more frequent outlets and holidays for its people than all the other cities combined. Its parks, though they are called lungs, are not sufficient for the purpose of healthful respiration. The industrious, and the over-wrought people, or such of them as are not too deeply sunk in squalor and the apathy that grows out of it, are compelled by sheer necessity every now and then to lose sight altogether of streets and houses, and to go further afield for needful air that will freshen and

revive their lungs. And thanks to the railways, aided by co-operation and management among themselves, the pic-nics of the working and middle classes increase every year in number and in volume, and spread themselves over a greater extent of the beautiful country that stretches around the metropolis to a radius of thirty miles on every side.

The pic-nic derives its name from France, where, however, it is not much practised. The Parisian Frenchman finds more enjoyment in his café, or restaurant, than in the free air of the open country, and the sights and sounds of nature. The London Englishman, having no elegant café to resort to, betakes himself, when he has a chance, to the roadside inn in Kent, Surrey, or Hertfordshire, or to Brighton for nine hours at the seaside. The pic-nic differs from the mere excursion, in the fact that the main part of the enjoyment consists in the lunch or dinner upon the grass, or under the shadow of trees, or upon the sea-beach—anywhere except in a covered room; and that each member of the party is expected to contribute something towards the feast and the expense. There is considerable doubt among etymologists as to the origin of the word. "In theory," says Doctor Scadding, quoted in Wheatley's Dictionary of Reduplicated Words in the English Language, "pic-nic has taken the place of coterie in its etymological sense, suggesting an al fresco repast on cold fowl, or similar contributed victuals." A picnic, however, was something more spiritual in its primary association. It appears to have been a sort of tournament of wit, a gentle passage of repartees, of retorts counter and polite, in which it was "tu me piques—je te niques." In other words, if one person "piques" another by saying a smart thing, the person addressed "niques" it by saying something better. If this were the original idea, which is doubtful, it would never have answered in England, where the wit of the Anglo-Saxon, if such a thing can be said to exist, is apt to take the rude and vulgar form of what is called chaff; and where it would be much easier for the participators in the festival to contribute bread, beef, salt, or mustard, than the Attic salt of conversation. In Mr. Wright's England under the House of Hanover, 1848, the origin of the word is referred to the commencement of the present century, when he says, "a society of private, or as they termed themselves dilettante actors, was formed in

London, and assumed the name of the Pic-Nic Society, from the manner in which they were to contribute mutually to the general entertainment. That old meteor of London fashion, Lady Albina Buckinghamshire, is understood to have been the originator of the scheme, in which, besides the performance of farces and burlettas, there were to be feasts and ridottos, and a variety of amusements, each member drawing from a silk bag a ticket which was to decide the portion of entertainment which he was expected to afford."

Enough, however, of the word. Let me come to the thing signified, in whatever way it acquired its name. Among the various lovely spots that invite the presence of the Londoners in the fine season, that may be said to commence annually at or near Whitsuntide, none is a greater favourite or offers more attractions, than Boxhill. It stands between the pleasant little village of Mickleham and the town of Dorking, and is but twenty-two miles from the metropolis by rail. But the great majority of the many thousand pic-nickers, who annually visit its airy heights and shady groves, prefer the road and the excitement and advantage of a splendid drive all the way through Sutton, Cheam, Ewell, Epsom, Leatherhead, and the lovely vale of Mickleham. No pic-nic party can visit Boxhill without my cognisance and my observation, if I choose to be a spectator, a fact which makes me well posted—as our American friends would say—on the physiology and philosophy, and the humours of an English rural holiday, as enjoyed alike by the young and old of the industrial classes. It is not to be wondered at that Boxhill is such a favourite. It ascends gradually from the road, about a mile beyond Mickleham, to a height of three hundred and fifty feet above the bed of the Mole, which winds around its base. On the summit, where it immediately overlooks the little town and one solitary spire of Dorking, it forms an almost perpendicular precipice of three hundred and twenty feet. The ascent from the Mickleham road over the green back of the hill, covered with short herbage, amid which stand a few hawthorn trees, wild roses, sweet-briers, and dark yews, is easy, and scarcely tires the feeblest pedestrian. The top is covered with a perfect forest of box-trees, intermingled with a few oaks and beeches, amid which shady avenues and arcades, leading into yet thicker groves of teeming vegetation, stretch on every side,

seeming to be as remote from civilisation and the crowded haunts of men as if they were in the backwoods of America or Australia. Five hundred pic-nic parties might be on the hill together without interfering with the privacy of each other, so multitudinous are the shady nooks, the dells, the dingles, the copses, the open meads or lawns that the top and the sides of the hill afford. The panoramic view over Surrey and Kent, which is obtainable from almost every point that is not imbedded in the thick wilderness of box and yew, is as beautiful as that from the Crystal Palace, or from Hampstead Heath, or from the terrace at Windsor Castle; and would be unrivalled in England if the landscape possessed the additional and softening grace of a river or large sheet of water to diversify it.

The pic-nic parties that enliven Boxhill in the spring and summer, and that are enlivened and refreshed by it in return, may be divided into three classes: the school children of the poorer districts of London, that sometimes come down six or seven hundred strong; the work-people or clerks, and other employés of great establishments, who give themselves, their wives, and children an annual holiday, and pay their own expenses in whole or part, being sometimes aided by a contribution from, and sometimes by the presence of their employers; last, the private parties of friends and acquaintances, not by any means so numerous as the other two, but quite as merry and as eager to enjoy themselves. It gives me pleasure to see all these people, especially if the day be fine, and it pains me if the rains rain and the winds blow, as they too often do in our climate, in the flowery month of May and the leafy month of June. Some superstitious people assert that we have only to appoint a day, a month or a fortnight in advance, for a great pic-nic party, to bring down the rain, as a matter of course. But this is a libel on the climate of England, which, taken all in all, advantages and drawbacks, good and evil, is the most enjoyable climate in the world, and permits of more out-door recreation than any other, in whichever of the five great divisions of the world it may be situated.

On a fine day, upon Boxhill, no sight can be pleasanter to a lover of nature and of human kind than a pic-nic party of little girls from Whitechapel, Bethnal-green, Poplar, Marylebone, or other over-peopled districts, ranging from six to

twelve or fourteen years of age, brought down, most likely, by the parson or the school-teachers from the crowded alleys and squalid thoroughfares, where their young lives are passed. To them the vision of the green hills, the trees, the daisies, the buttercups, the cowslips, the distant landscape, seems like a foretaste of the paradise of which they have doubtless heard. They shout with delight when the hill first bursts upon their view, and are soon scattered all over it in groups, all to meet again at an appointed spot, to partake at the appointed hour of the great feast of the day—the plum-cake and tea, or it may be ginger-beer or lemonade, or milk-and-water; and, greatest treat of all, to partake of it upon the grass. The first thing that nine-tenths of them set about doing is to gather daisies and buttercups, or other wild flowers—the wild thyme abounds on the hill—or to strip-off twigs of yew, hawthorn, box, wild brier, or wayside bushes of every kind, and form them into garlands. If they are to have tea, and have brought a large pot down with them in the van along with the other materials of the feast, the great enjoyment is to collect dry sticks, and kindle a fire, gipsy fashion, to provide boiling water. It is questionable whether any joy of their future lives will ever equal the joy of helping to make that pot boil under the trees upon the grass, or of eating the too rare plum-cake in the sunny open air. The boys of the same age scarcely seem to take the same delight in these proceedings as the girls, but commence climbing the trees after birds'-nests, or jumping over each other's backs at leap-frog. Another pleasure is to lie upon the grass, and roll over and over down the side of the hill, as if that species of locomotion were the noblest, or, as they call it, the jolliest in the world. They don't seem to care so much for the flowers, unless they can clamber up the fences around a gentleman's garden, and break off branches of blooming lilac or laburnum, caring nothing for the sacredness of the private property which they invade, and thinking nothing of the damage which they do. But there is room enough on the hill, and to spare, even for these; and when the riotous crowds—riotous with life and happiness and the sense of unwonted freedom—arrive under the shadow of the great trees, they can do no harm, and enjoy themselves almost as much as if they could. Next to climbing up the trees, or rolling down the hill like a stone,

the London boy's dearest pleasure seems to be to strip off his shoes and stockings, and wade, knee-deep, in the water, which, except in the rare seasons when the Mole is in flood, after heavy rains, and rushes, ten feet deep, all the way from Betchworth to the Thames, he can safely do at most places if he will but avoid the pools. But as there are pools, this is a practice that is discouraged, not without difficulty, by their elders and teachers, for the sight of the water is tempting, and its contact delicious. As the children contribute nothing to these parties but their presence and their happiness, they are not to be called pic-nics proper; but whatever they may be called, they are occasions of genuine, healthful, and inexpensive enjoyment, which the rich, who make their money out of wealthy and too squalid London, cannot do better than encourage whenever opportunity presents itself, or their spirits are moved to do good by those who know and feel for the wants of the poor.

The second class of pic-nics is the true and genuine pic-nic, when hard-working men, whether they work with the hand or the brain, give themselves the needful holiday, and take their wives and families beyond the smoky limits of the town, for a few hours' enjoyment. As many as from two to five or six hundred persons, all in the service of, or maintained by, one firm of employers in the great metropolis, sometimes arrive to make a day of it. If the bulk of these merry-makers come by the rail, the managers of the festival generally contrive to travel by the road, sometimes in a van, such as the cockney heart delights in; or if of a higher grade, as regards means or pretensions, in a coach and pair, with an amateur bugler or French-horn player behind to enliven them on the road. In any case there are generally flags and music, in company with the cold fowls and pies, the bread, the cheese, the condiments, and the drinkables. If there be ladies of the party there are sure to be lobsters, and if lobsters, in all probability champagne, or something sparkling that may be innocent of the grape, but which, nevertheless, is honoured with the name of wine. Gentlemen's parties manage to do without these delicacies, but if there are ladies both are de rigueur, and not to be dispensed with. And the joy of these grown-up people is almost as great as that of the children. The exuberant laughter of the girls and young women rings loudly in the clear air, and the men, like boys let loose from school,

revel in the free use of their limbs, and run and shout as if the mere sense of animal life in the invigorating atmosphere were a stimulant and an intoxicant. Yet nine out of ten of them—old and young—seem not to enjoy the pure fresh air unless they taint it with tobacco smoke, and act as if there could be no pleasure, even amid the trees and flowers, unless they had a pipe or a cigar in their mouths. Some who are too old and staid—fathers and grandfathers perhaps, who do not care to dance attendance upon or pay court to the ladies—take a quiet and drowsy delight in stretching themselves on their backs at full length upon the grass, shading their eyes with their hands to gaze up at the beautiful blue sky, or the sailing white clouds, which are nowhere seen in greater and more varied beauty than in England. Others reverse the attitude, and, needing no shade from the sun, contemplate the grass amid which they lie, doubtless allowing their thoughts to revel in the dolce far niente, and in the half-consciousness, not expressed or formulated, but perhaps felt, that for one day at least they have left work behind them, and may be as careless of all but the passing minute as if they were bees or butterflies, or the blades of grass they are stretched upon.

But these contemplative and quiet men are in the minority. The smokers and the roysterers, the runners and the leapers, form the greater majority of the young; and even the middle-aged sometimes catch the contagion from their juniors, and run riot in the welcome liberty which comes to them so seldom. In the autumn of 1871, one poor fellow, a confidential clerk in a lawyer's office, who had not enjoyed the blessing of a holiday for more than twenty years, was the hero of a very mournful tragedy on the slope of the hill. Forgetting that he was no longer a boy, but feeling as delighted as if he were one, and as if the last twenty years without holidays had passed over his head without leaving their mark, he challenged a youth to run a race with him down the hill, where it slopes to the road at an angle of at least forty-five degrees. Once in motion he was powerless to help himself, and ran full tilt with his head against the upright of the wicket-gate at the foot, and never spoke more. The stunning blow produced unconsciousness from which he never revived, but expired within less than an hour afterwards. Sadly and sorrowfully

they bore him home, and the joy of their day was converted into sorrow. But such tragedies are rare, and the usually worst results of a pic-nic are headaches the next day, possibly for sufficient reason, and not altogether undeserved by the sufferers.

The crowded pic-nic, numbering its partakers by hundreds, is not, however, so enjoyable as the smaller gatherings—not exceeding a couple of dozen people of both sexes—who know each other well, or want to know each other better. Far more copious in opportunities for flirtation, and for delicate attentions gladly received, and still more gladly bestowed, than the stiff and more formal game of croquet upon a lawn, is the pic-nic under the trees. To a very large party the rain, if its unwelcome visitation is heavy and prolonged, is a source of discomfort and discomfiture, but to a smaller party, such as indicated, the rain itself only becomes a new source of enjoyment, and affords facilities, excuses, and opportunities, that young womanhood is not slow to perceive, and young manhood by no means slow to profit by. If any young couple be far gone in the tender sentiment that leads to marriage, sunshine and rain are equally welcome, so that they can be together. If the weather be fine, there is sure to be a convenient tree within reach, on which the gentleman expert in the use of his penknife, which he has in all probability sharpened expressly for the purpose, can carve the joint initials of the beloved one and himself, with the date of the visit, surmounted by a heart and a true lover's knot. There is scarcely a beech-tree, accessible to the crowd, within a hundred miles of the metropolis, possibly between John o' Groats and the Land's End, that has not a memorial of the kind—tell-tale relics of the loves of past ages. But next to this amusement and occupation, and the walk on the springy grass, the refectio al fresco, the ostensible but not the sole object of the pic-nic, is the event to which all look forward. It is a tradition that if the main caterers of the feast have forgotten to provide a corkscrew, there need be no alarm or difficulty if a parson should happen to be of the company, for it is morally and positively certain that he will be in possession of one. To forget the salt is a more serious matter, and the only remedy is to send some one off to the nearest house, public or private, to buy or beg some. There have been pic-nics in which the knives have been unaccountably forgotten, and others in which the forks have by as strange a

fatality been wholly overlooked. But these mischances only add to the merriment of the gathering, and to a greater use of the deft accommodating fingers than civilisation allows. But as the pic-nic is more or less a protest against civilisation, and a return to the primitive state of man ere cutlers and cities were known, this little breach of the unwritten laws of etiquette signifies nothing.

A clam-bake is but the American name for a pic-nic, but it is a pic-nic which cannot be held on a green hill, or under the shadows of trees, or anywhere but on the sea-shore, or a very short distance from it. The clam is a kind of cockle, as much larger than a British cockle, as an American is than a British or European oyster, and is a bivalve that is highly esteemed on the other side of the Atlantic. Clams are of two kinds, the hard clam, which is found embedded in the sand at half-tide, and the soft clam, obtained near the shores of tidal rivers at their confluence with the sea, which also digs into the sand to the depth of a foot or eighteen inches, and is endowed by nature with a cartilaginous snout or proboscis, through which it ejects water. "Clams, baked in the primitive style of the Indians," says Mr. Bartlett, in his Glossary of American Words and Phrases, "furnish one of the most popular dishes on those parts of the coasts where they abound, and constitute a main feature in the bill of fare at pic-nics and other festive gatherings." The method of baking is as follows: A cavity is dug in the earth about eighteen inches deep, and lined with round stones, easily gathered from the beach. On this a fire is made, and when the stones are sufficiently heated, the clams, mostly the hard clams, are thrown upon them in the shell. On the clams is placed a layer of dulse and tangle, or other sea-weed most easily attainable, and maintained until the clams are cooked. Another mode is to place the clams close together on the ground, with the hinges of the shells uppermost, and light over them a fierce fire of brushwood. These are but the substratum of the pic-nic, and everything else is added which the fancy of the holiday-makers may suggest, the champagne being seldom omitted. The largest clam-bake party ever brought together in America was a political one near New Port, on the shore of Rhode Island, in 1840, where nearly ten thousand people assembled to eat clams, drink champagne and whisky, and make and listen to speeches in favour of the candidature of General

Harrison for the presidency of the United States. We have no clams at our pic-nics in England, and it is to be hoped that, while ladies make part of them—and a picnic without ladies would be like the play of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark—we may never have politics.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE contrast between the treatment of accused persons on their trial in France, and the milder conduct of our criminal proceedings, has been often insisted on, and with some complacency. It has been said that in the one country the prisoner is assumed to be guilty till proved innocent, in the other he is assumed innocent until proved guilty. Yet the French theory might seem to be at least consistent and logical; for the fact that a man is in custody, and under restraint, amounts almost to a dealing with him as though he were guilty. We make him a present, for his comfort, of the handsome theory: the French disdain the compliment, and only carry out our practice to the end with a brutal and relentless logic. Some incidents in the recent Communist trials at Versailles, which have been reported verbatim, will illustrate the singularity of French criminal procedure in a rather striking fashion.

These trials were directed by a number of officers, who filled the offices of president, prosecutor, and reporter, and the trials began by the reading of a general indictment against the whole party of accused, setting forth all the incidents of the affair in question. This was drawn up in a rather sensational and dramatic style, full of such phrases as "this hideous business," "these execrable villains," "this excuse is simply humbug," and was followed by a little epitome of the particular part each accused had taken in the affair. Then each prisoner stood up, and was interrogated by the judge, assisted by the prosecutor, who strengthened weak places by putting questions himself. The judge had before him all the depositions of the witnesses, and on these he founded his questions. The accused was called on usually after this form: "By the documents just read, you are accused of certain offences; what have you to say in your defence?"

The prisoner generally said he was innocent, or, in a few sentences, gave some excuses. The president then (to take the

case of François, the governor of the prison where the hostages were confined) would answer bluntly, "Every thing proves your guilt; your nomination to the post, and your choice of such subordinates as Picon and Ramain, because you knew that these men would carry out your wishes with the greatest cruelty." François answered, "I did not appoint them." The president had him in a second. "We have your letter of appointment here," thus drawing first blood. But the other explaining that he had made the same offer to every one of the old jailers of the prison, the president, no doubt a little put out, returned to the attack with rather a shabby thrust. "At all events, the court will see from the behaviour of these two men that you had an object in appointing them." Then the accused was asked whether he had done certain things, which he would deny, and was met by a quotation from the evidence of a witness whose evidence was to come, the prisoner being thus ingeniously forced to deny the truth or give some explanation. The judge would be sarcastic at times. "Where were you from eight to ten o'clock?" "In bed." "No doubt, from the agitation into which the noise of the firing had thrown you." Sometimes the evidence of one prisoner would affect the other; and the judge would turn to the latter and ask, "What have you to say to that?" Some, like the woman La Chaise, would answer rashly, "It's a lie!" others would ineffectually try to justify themselves.

The examination of the witnesses revealed the strangest characteristics. Evidence was given in speeches whole pages long, and discussions like the following were of frequent occurrence. The Prosecutor: "Didn't you hear a dispute between François, Briant, and Rohe as to sharing the booty?" Witness: "Well, this set seemed to me on such good terms with each other, that I am really amazed at the question. These gentry lived together on the fat of the land. I used to say to them, 'Our children are dying, give us something for them—a little wine.' Not at all. These fellows drank it all." The Prosecutor: "We every day see men of this kind who are engaged in operations of this sort of one mind when the question is murder and plunder, but who do not agree so well when the time comes for dividing the spoil." The Witness: "There is a great deal of truth in that. I must ask your pardon, for that view of the question escaped me." The

Prosecutor: "It was quite in the regular course of things, you see, that those persons should have fallen out with each other." The eloquence, too, when it came to the Commissary of the Government's reply, was amazing. Here is a choice specimen: "You, it is you who dare to say that the French army is wanting in loyalty and generosity towards its enemies. Were there need, and without passing beyond France, I would appeal to the shades of all those who have laid down their lives in battling with us, and I would say, 'Rise up, you English and Spaniards, who saw us at Toulouse. Rise up, you Russians and Austrians, who met us in a hundred battles, at Montmirail and Champaubert. Rise up, even you Prussians, of all men, who have seen us so often, alas! at Sedan, Coulmiers, and other places, come to this bar and say if ever the French soldier, whether conquered or conquering, was wanting in loyalty or generosity towards his enemy.' Outbursts of this sort were invariably followed by enthusiastic applause from the audience. When Monsieur Chevrier had stated that he had seen one of the accused at the execution, and a question of disputed identity arose, our prosecutor was again equal to the occasion. "What!" said this fervid orator, "when a witness like this inspector of the Lyceum—a man who refused the noble offer made him by one of the missionaries to take his place; a man fostered in a university, and with a past history worthy of being compared to the most splendid achievements of Greek and Roman history, when a man like this steps on this platform and says, 'I recognise him, he was there, I saw him from my cell, I defy any mortal to have the least doubt of his sincerity.'" This was very well in its way, though, unfortunately, wholly beside the question, which was whether this witness might not have been mistaken. And very awkwardly for the eloquence of the prosecutor, it turned out that he *was* mistaken. One of the most exciting and dramatic episodes that ever occurred during a trial was connected with this incident, and is worth recording in this place.

A certain Pigerre was among the prisoners, and lay under the serious accusation of being one of the officers of the party told off for shooting the hostages. This was supported by the testimony of several witnesses, and above all by several of the accused. The prosecutor fairly enough considered that he had secured this prey, whose

fate might be considered certain. The man, indeed, denied the charge, and said he was fighting in a different part of the town at the time, but this was only too common a form of defence. Witness after witness came up. Romain recognised him distinctly as the leader who had threatened him with the sabre. "He is the cause," he added, "of my being in this place." Vattier, who carried the light for the dismal procession, recalled his face at once. Latour did the same. Then Pigerre, being interrogated, spoke out, and told his story frankly. He said he had never even known of the execution of the hostages until he was taken up and put in prison. "Picon, one of my fellow-prisoners, came up to me one day and said, 'Is it possible that you don't know what took place at La Roquette on the 24th of May?' 'No,' I answered; 'for the five months that I have been here, I have seen no one from outside.' 'And you don't know that they shot the archbishop and five others?' I was thunderstruck. He then called over Vattier, and asked him if he knew me. To my amazement the other replied, 'Yes, he commanded the firing party.' I thought this was a joke, and took no notice of it. But two days later Vattier came again, and sat down by me. 'So you weren't at the prison on the 24th?' he asked. I said, 'No.' 'You are Jean Baptiste Pigerre, ain't you?' 'Of course I am.' 'Well, then, it was you who commanded the firing party?' My arms fell to my side, my tongue seemed paralysed. They had all made a plan to destroy me." He then questioned the witnesses against him, and asked them all if they recollected how he was dressed and how he wore his beard. One said he had a cap; another that he had more beard than he had at present; a third that he had moustaches. "Now," said Pigerre, "I think I can show the court that there is a mistake. I never had a hair upon my upper lip in my life, as doctors can prove, if they examine it." The president said, dryly, that "the court would give its value to the fact." Then another witness came up, the respectable Monsieur Chevrier before alluded to. "I was particularly struck," he said, "by the face of an officer, in the dress of a National Guard, with a scabbard trailing after him, marching with a curious nonchalant expression, and appearing to take the least interest in what was going on, and I shall never forget him. The face was fixed in my memory. My duty is to tell the court

that it was very like his (Pigerre's)." When he had finished his evidence Pigerre begged of him to come close to look at him again. The other did so, and after a fixed stare adhered to the opinion he had given. "Then," said the accused, "as he recognised the sabre, I notice a member of the court with one exactly like mine." (Laughter). He was asked what officer. "Captain Reporter," said our prisoner, "would you be kind enough to show your sabre?" (Loud laughter). The President: "Silence! gentlemen, there is nothing to laugh at in all this." But the sabre led to nothing, and Pigerre was in a worse condition than before. Another witness, Soisson, a police-officer, came up, and swore he saw the prisoner with the firing party. Again Pigerre tried to shake him—what dress, what cap was he wearing? He could not say—he had only noticed his face. Well, let him look again, say at the profile. The police-officer stepped forward, and after a moment's gaze, said, "No mistake, that's the man!" The unfortunate Pigerre could only say, "You are confounding me with some one else;" at which audacity loud murmurs broke from the audience; more witnesses came, each yet more positive, and whenever he, poor prisoner, proposed that his face should be scrutinised closely, the audience burst into loud laughter. It was becoming rather a good joke for everybody, except, it may be presumed, for poor Pigerre himself.

But now was to come a dramatic incident. Genton, the Communist judge, proved to have brought the order for executing the hostages, had found the evidence gradually closing round him; and, after some explanation, relative to his own case, broke out with much earnestness: "As regards myself," he said, "it is all one. You can shoot me if you like. But as to Pigerre, I tell you he is innocent. I would wish to save you from a judicial blunder. He had nothing to do with it—it was a man called Verig, and another fair-haired one, who commanded." The prosecution argued with him calmly. If this were so, how was it Pigerre was accused? They on their side knew nothing of him until he was denounced by his own side. "I tell you," answered Genton, "you should make every exertion to find out a man that resembles this Pigerre. Set him before me once, and I will tell you he is the man, though I know not his name. I do you a service in letting you know this; find him speedily before I am put out of the way." This

earnestness was met coldly. He was reminded that there were seven witnesses against his testimony; and that, after all, his testimony, if accepted as true, only amounted to this, that he had seen the firing-party return under the leadership of Verig, and that Pigerre was not with them. However, all the witnesses were made to stand up again and look at the prisoner, and then persisted that he was the man. After this there was no more to be said; the trial went on, the prosecutor summed up in a fervent speech, requiring the conviction of Pigerre among others. The advocates for the prisoners delivered short appeals for their clients, and the case was all but over when a fresh dramatic incident occurred.

All through the trial reference had been made to a man named Jarraud, who had figured in this tragedy, and of whom every one spoke. To have brought him forward it was felt would have cleared a great deal up; but it was believed that he had been shot by the soldiers. To the surprise of every one he turned up at this moment. The trial was suspended. Genton must have turned pale as he saw him appear, for this man was to seal *his* doom. He told his story with an extraordinary fulness of detail, and a natural manner that recommended its truth to all. The leader of the band, he said, was a man called Sicard; there were two in command, the other was, of course, Verig. Pigerre was ordered to stand forward. "That's not the man who commanded. Oh, no, it is not he at all!" This was so far satisfactory; and on that evening a diligent search being made, it was discovered that there was a dying man named Sicard in the prisons of Paris. He was carried into court; he could hardly speak, and it was plain that he had only a few days to live. As he was placed in a chair, every one remarked a strange likeness to Pigerre. His evidence was not much to the purpose, for he, of course, denied that he himself was at the execution; but still he declared that Pigerre was not the man. Jarraud was then called in, and, after looking at Sicard closely, declared he was the leader. And the truth of this assertion was more than confirmed by a little incident. All through the trial it had been stated that the leader of the party, whoever he was, had come without a sword, and had borrowed one, so as to give the word of command with due effect. The dying witness not knowing this, answered, unconscious of

the effect, that he had no sword that day. Finally, the witnesses who had sworn to Pigerre were brought forward, one by one, and confronted with the new witness. It was most interesting to see how first one and then another began to hesitate, save the three Communist prisoners, who adhered firmly to their first statement, that Pigerre *was* there. After this "incident was emptied," to use a favourite phrase of the judge's, the prosecutor, in a theatrical speech, in which he made himself appear as if he were doing some noble thing, withdrew the charge against Pigerre; or, in his own phrase, demanded "that the accusation that he had formulated against Pigerre should be annihilated," which was done accordingly.

Never was there such a narrow escape. Everything seemed to hang on a thread, or on many threads. There was the loyalty of Genton, so honourable to him, and of which none of the other Communists had shown instances, they being rather anxious to make others share their fate. There was the case of the man supposed to have been shot, turning up; and, finally, the production of Sicard, who might have died before he could have been produced, and whose visible presence was absolutely necessary to establish the likeness.

THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER LXII. CONCLUSION.

MEANTIME Paul and May quitted the farmhouse, and were walking slowly across the fields, as exquisitely happy as two people could be, in spite of all the shocks which had lately tried their courage. It could not be a laughing, gleeful happiness to-day; but that also would doubtless come by-and-bye. There was plenty of time for mirth. Life was sunny before them.

Just as they left the last field-gate and came on the road, their eyes were attracted by the sight of a heavy vehicle rolling to meet them from the distance, preceded by a cloud of dust. They stood by the dyke to wait till it should pass, for it was thundering along at such a pace that it seemed likely to overran them. As it came nearer they saw that it was a four-in-hand coach, and that a gentleman was driving with a lady by his side. The gentleman took off his hat and waved it high above his head. He waved it to May and Paul. Who could the gentleman be?

"It is Christopher Lee!" cried May, in astonishment. The next moment the coach was pulled up before them, and there sat Christopher, bare-headed and smiling at them, as if this meeting was the happiest thing in the world. Another moment and he vaulted to the ground and was shaking May and Paul each by a hand, and introducing them to the lady who sat aloft on the coach.

"My wife, Miss Mourne. Mr. Finiston, my wife." The lady was a pretty, bright creature, who leaned down from her high place and squeezed May's hands, and looked with eager gaze into the faces of her husband's friends. She was an artless, fresh young thing, all glittering in pretty clothes, which were rich enough for a duchess. There had scarcely been time to say "Welcome" and "How do you do" before a large face was thrust out of the interior of the coach, and a voice of complacent melancholy was heard expostulating with them all:

"Let me out I say, Christopher, my son! Am I already forgotten in my old age. A-a-ah! the young will ever push the old people aside. My dear Miss May! I am waiting to embrace you. You were always as a daughter to me. Lucy will not be jealous—I told her so long ago."

As it was known to be a work of some difficulty to get Mrs. Lee out of the coach, May stood upon the steps and allowed herself to be kissed. Afterwards, that the servants on the back seat might not be too much entertained by Mrs. Lee's fond expressions, Christopher handed his wife and May into the coach to bear her company, while Paul mounted beside him on the box, and the party moved slowly onward.

"You wonder at all this, eh?" asked Christopher, unable to withhold his news from a sympathising friend. "There was nothing about it in my last letter."

"No," said Paul, "but it is a long time since you wrote to us."

"Yes," said Christopher, "I have been very much occupied, and besides I wanted to give you a surprise. To tell the truth at once, I am in possession of that property which I once lost by my folly. My wife—bless her!—is the person who was enriched by my misfortune. I could not rest a moment till I confessed this to you. I have much more to tell you when there is time. It is a very odd story; but don't think badly of me."

"I know you too well for that," said Paul, kindly, for Christopher looked em-

barrasted. "I congratulate you warmly—with all my heart."

The ladies were not losing their time inside the coach. Little Mrs. Christopher was chattering gleefully about the goodness of her husband, his gratitude to his friends, and her own intense desire to be May's dearest friend for life; and what with her pretty rapid speeches, interrupted by Mrs. Lee's long complacent sighs and explanatory remarks, May had scarcely to do more than smile in the two faces that were beaming at her.

So this coachful of very happy people dashed up to the gate at Monasterlea. And there sat Katherine on her horse, waiting for her father under the honeysuckle bush. Nobody noticed her at first, for the sun was in the eyes of the two young men, and she was in the shade. As for her, she was taken by surprise; had been gazing in another direction from that by which they had come, and was in too bad a humour to turn her head for a moment to glance at passing travellers. The sudden stopping of the vehicle made her first start and look at it. Her amazement was extreme, as she saluted the two young men with a haughty bow, and all her old triumphant spirit flashed from her eyes as she beheld Christopher. What could bring him back to these wilds where he had suffered, if not to look again upon her face?

Truly, the infatuation of man was a very curious thing. With an effort she prepared to be more gracious, seeing that Christopher rapidly descended from his seat as if to approach. He first turned to the carriage door, however, and handed out a lady whom Katherine had never seen; a lovely and dainty lady, as she saw at a glance.

There was mischief in Christopher's eye as he drew his wife's arm through his own, and led her a few steps, so that she stood with him by the side of Katherine's horse.

"Miss Archbold, allow me to present to you my wife. Lucy, you have heard me speak of Miss Archbold, a lady who did me a service, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful.

Katherine gazed down at them both, with astonishment and chagrin both visible in her face. The young wife gazed at her with eyes that were trying to express nothing but polite interest; yet betrayed fear and a little disgust, and worse than all, pity. The two ladies exchanged a bow, and then May and Paul joined the group; so happy were both, that they could afford to be kind to Katherine. They begged her

to dismount and accompany them in-doors; but at every smile and gracious word Katherine's face became darker, till at last she turned on them and said abruptly, "I wish you a good morning," plucked her horse's mouth, and rode away. Her father joined her soon afterwards, and the Archbolds were forgotten at Monasterlea.

A very happy party met now within Miss Martha's walls. The Lee family were so full of their own delight with the world that they did not notice any shadow upon their friends, and so catching was this mirth that under its influence all remains of that shadow melted away. Of course, they had heard nothing of the terrible events which had lately happened in the neighbourhood, and May and Paul felt this ignorance a relief, and were not at all eager to drag painful news under the notice of their guests. When, in the evening, the whole group, including the two old ladies, went out to sit in the open air and enjoy the sunset under shelter of the ruin, something of the story was told in order to account for a change in the landscape. The woods had been burned, and the miser was dead. This news did not tend to make the guests at all less merry. They only found that Paul must now be rich, which pleased them greatly, seeing that they had found their own wealth to be rather convenient.

Mrs. Lee had been overflowing all day with certain intelligence of her own, which only a sense of propriety had restrained her from pouring forth long ago. She waited a propitious moment, however, when the men were conversing together about mannish things, and Miss Martha was fully occupied with the bride; and then did Mrs. Lee withdraw May under cover of her own umbrella, and tell her the pleasant sequel of her son's harrowing love-story.

"A-a-ah, my dear!" she said, "who could have imagined it would all end so happily? The world was very dark to me and Christopher on that day when we last took leave of this hospitable dwelling. My poor boy was not used to work, and, though he did his best, I feared that he would be disappointed and broken down all his life. You know he went to work in an attorney's office, and looked forward to earning a maintenance for himself."

Mrs. Lee sighed heavily, as if the earning of his maintenance were the greatest affliction that could be laid upon a man. She dwelt on the memory of this calamity with

a blissful sadness, as if making a luxury out of past trouble. Finally, she nodded her head, once, twice, thrice; a different nod every time; the first expressing resignation, the second contentment, and the third delight of the most triumphant character.

"Now, I can tell you," she said, "there is nothing more to fret about. My son has got his property."

"Indeed!" said May. "The property we thought he had lost?"

"My dear ma'am! we must allow that he did lose it, through the wickedness of a woman; but it has been restored to him by the conscientiousness of another member—as I may say—of the same sex. And, my dear, there never was such a love-match in the world!"

"Then the property belongs to his wife?" said May.

"*Did* belong, my dear, till she made a present of it to her husband. The sweetest little creature! I will tell you about her. She is a Canadian, a distant connexion of our own, but we never had seen and knew nothing about her. The property went to her when Christopher failed to fulfil his conditions. Her parents were Irish, and when fate made her wealthy she persuaded her guardian to bring her across the ocean to visit her 'native country,' as she calls it. We met her in Dublin at the house of a friend, who had told me of the dear child's pity for the poor gentleman who had been so robbed and maltreated. His loss did not trouble her the less because the gain had been all her own. She made me such a pretty speech that night, that I took her to my heart at once and invited her to visit me. We became the best of friends, and you may imagine that through the feelings of a mother I mixed up a good deal of my son with my conversation, especially as she was such a sympathetic creature. It seemed she never could hear enough about his troubles and misfortunes.

"Oh, Mrs. Lee," she said one day, 'if I had been in her place I'd have given him all the fortune, and gone without myself, sooner than have played him such a wretched trick!'

"My dear," said I, 'she could not have done that; but she could have given him the fortune along with herself, and she would not do it. There is no generosity left in the world.'

"Oh yes there is!" she said, and looked as if she were going to cry. 'The worst

is that the people who would have the will to be generous are not those that get the opportunity.'

"Another time she said she hoped she might die young in order to leave the fortune to Christopher in her will. 'For,' she declared, 'I feel like a robber, and yet, I suppose, he would not take it if I were to make him a present of it.'

"Indeed I think not, my dear, except under certain conditions," I said.

"She hung her head, and would talk no more on that occasion; but I soon saw that the little good-hearted creature could think of nothing but Christopher and his beggary from morning till night. I did not neglect to point it out to my son—indeed, when have I ever failed in my duty to him?—but he only got cross about it, and asked me did I want him to cap his former follies by turning fortune-hunter. 'The girl is a charming girl,' he said, 'and many will love her. She shall not be made a victim to her own kindness of heart. She will be wiser by-and-bye, and choose a husband for herself.'

"I believe she would choose nobody but you, if the truth were known," I said.

"My dear ma'am, he flew in a passion, and I got nothing but ill-usage for my pains; but when that had cooled down a little, I persuaded the sweet creature to come on a visit to our humble dwelling, where she made herself as happy as a bird, just attending on an old woman, and getting little enough attention from a very sullen host. At last, however, she lost her spirits and got pale, and then she told me she must leave us, as she had overstayed her welcome and was giving annoyance to Christopher. He had taken a dislike to her, she said, and nothing would induce her to remain longer in the house. Of course, I had to give in, and angry enough I was, to be sure, when I saw her go down the stairs with her bonnet on and her trunks waiting in the hall. Christopher was in his study, and she turned to go in and bid him good-bye, not wishing, as she said, to part in anger. She put her hand on the door and took it away again—she would and she wouldn't—but at last went in in earnest, and did not come out again in a hurry. How it happened, and what they suddenly found out to say to each other at the last moment, I never could make out; but they met as ill-humoured with one another as two people could be, and they came out of the room—I was going to say man and wife—but, my dear ma'am, it's

the same thing, I believe, when people are true."

"And now they have the property between them," said May. "Nothing could be fairer; and it's a very pretty story!"

"I consider it is, my dear; though some people are so ill-minded as to think differently."

"If we fret for what people will think," said May, "we might never lift a finger either for our own happiness or for that of another. Purity and honesty of intention ought to need no applause from the world."

The woods having been destroyed and the miser murdered by a kinsman of his own, it was proved, beyond doubt, that the curse must be removed from the race of Finiston for evermore. In order to make sure of this fact, some people took the trouble to inquire into the parentage of Con the fool, and ascertained that, in truth, he had been the son of Simon's brother.

The trees were not all destroyed, only the thickest and most sombre part of them; but they were known no longer as the Wicked Woods. The charred trunks and ashes of once-spreading boughs were cleared away, and the plough went over the earth that had borne them. The blackened walls of the old mansion were taken down, a careful search being made the while for the miser's strong-box, which did not appear among the rubbish. This box contained his gold—the accumulated gold of generations. It was well known to have existed; but no trace of any such treasure has as yet been found.

There was great consternation in the country when it became known as a certainty that the much talked of treasure of the misers of Toberreevil had vanished out of the world and was never more to be seen. The wonder-loving had food for a year's gossip, and many curious stories were long in circulation as to the mysterious disappearance of the fortune. Some averred that the Evil One himself had carried it off, with the miser's soul, as part of his booty; while others, less uncharitable, suggested that the good angel who keeps watch over even the reprobate had bartered it with Satan for leave to retain possession of his immortal charge, and had borne away the sin-oppressed and long-suffering spirit to regenerate it in the cleansing waters that wash the shores of Eternity. According to this fancy the treasure had been given over as a kind of hostage to the powers of evil, securing peace to the happy

descendants of a race no longer accursed. The natural idea that the strong-box had been buried in the earth for perfect safety was accepted by a few, and many searches were made with spade and pickaxe, to end invariably in disappointment. Long after Paul had given up the quest, little bands of spontaneous seekers would spring up from time to time, and be seen digging about the roots of trees and burrowing under stones, still dreaming of the reward that success must bring them. Even to this day a treasure seeker occasionally appears in the neighbourhood, possessed by a sort of madness, which is the hope of finding the forgotten gold of the Finistons. But the earth obstinately refuses to give up its golden secret.

So Paul was heir to an impoverished estate, and a tenantry, the most of whom were little better than paupers. He was disappointed at first, thinking that, had the money come into his hands, he might have purified it by using the greater part of it for the good of the poor. But when time proved that the treasure had been mysteriously removed out of reach of his hand, he allowed May to persuade him that this deprivation was a blessing.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am of it!" said May. "I suppose we could not have been exactly justified in burying the money ourselves; yet it would have been a load about our necks so long as we lived."

"Perhaps so," said Paul; "but I could have been glad to build a handsome house for my wife, to dress her like a lady, and give her the good things of the world, after the trouble she has had with me."

"I foretell about that lady she won't care for handsome houses. Now, just tell me, sir! how could I love any damp, cold, new-built mansion, all smelling of paint and mortar, as well as I do this dear old shanty, where we have been so happy among the owls and ivy? As to clothes, I expect you will be able to afford me a clean calico gown in the summer, and a warmer one in winter, and for food—why there's the potato field!"

"And the pigs!" said Paul, laughing, "and the cabbage garden! We shall have to be content with these for many years, as most of the income must go to set the poor people right upon their feet at last."

"I declare," said May, "what with hams and vegetables, to say nothing of fowls and fresh eggs, which I foresee will be always coming to table, we are likely to have a very hard time of it."

"I warn you that my appetite will be dreadful," said Paul. "It has increased alarmingly since I took my first step towards restoring happiness to Tobereevil. Let all our ill-luck go with the money! And if an honest man's effort can make the wilderness flourish around us, and put crooked ways straight, that effort shall not be wanting. And who knows but after all we may have riches yet."

"And have them without a curse. At present we have got our poverty with a blessing."

In this spirit Paul and May began their married life, working together through sunshine and gloom, through hard times and good times, till after a few years the face of the country became changed, and prosperity began to shine upon the little world of Tobereevil. Land had been reclaimed, houses built, and gardens cultivated. The Kearneys' little farm was one of the best managed in the neighbourhood, and Bid had a home of her own under the hedge of her friends' potato field. A village sprang up with its small shops and trades, and the spire of its pretty church made a pleasant feature in the landscape. On the river-side a mill hummed its thrifty song, and corn waved on the site of the ancient mansion. Enough of the woods remained to beautify the country, but the noxious weeds and evil spirits had vanished with Tibbie and her haunts. No one now feared the neighbourhood of the trees since the burial-place of the famished had been inclosed as holy ground, marked by a cross.

People visited the spot on Sunday evenings, and the children decked it with flowers; the legend lost its ghastliness, and took new and tender outlines. The country had been chastened, maybe, for its sins; but the curse had departed from the land. The dead had got their rest, and the living were happy and at peace.

Paul's unexpected poverty revived Katherine Archbold's spirits, and caused her to think that she had had a lucky escape. This young lady lived to enjoy the triumph of marrying a duke, and becoming a leader of the fashionable world; but a sketch of her after-life would not make pleasant reading. Sir John, like many other men, paid the penalty of pride and extravagance, and the castle of Cam-

lough passed away into new hands. His wife did not live to see this change.

In due time, Miss Martha having gone to her rest beside Father Felix, the cottage in the ruins was given over to the parish priest, who being a scholar and antiquarian knew how to prize the quaint abode; and who, being likewise tender-hearted, kept the graves in his care, scattering prayers over the sod thick as the dew or the daisies. By this time the master of Tobereevil had built a dwelling of his own, on a sheltered bit of the land, not grand nor ostentations, but a nest of prettiness and comfort. There he lived with his wife May, as long as it is good for a man to live, and as happy as it is allotted to most men to be. No trace of the cloud that had rested on him ever appeared to trouble him again. So brave and wise and genial was his nature in its maturity, that his children would laugh when "father" assured them that in his youth he had been a coward and a fool.

Yet when Paul Finiston, a man of weight in the country, a member of parliament; "a little odd in his notions; a bit of a philanthropist you know, but as honest a man as ever lived"—when this Paul Finiston and his faithful wife sat hand-in-hand at their fireside, in their old age, and looked back over the years they had spent together, they always lowered their voices and looked wistfully in each other's eyes, when they spoke of one year in their lives when the man had been attacked by the evil that had destroyed his forefathers, and the woman had done battle for him because his hands were tied. But they are now both fast asleep under the roses at Monasterlea; and few remember vividly the story of the Wicked Woods of Tobereevil.

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